Dingees, The "Staff Sgt. Skreba"

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We know you know more than you lead to believe

Loads of misinformation jammed deep in your sleeve

You lurk in the shadows followed by a red glow

Your killing for answers you already know

Your brains been melted by a facist disease

Nuclear winter in your heart constantly

Your tongues been spewing' burnin' brimstone debris

And now you wanna sink your hooks in me

I'm looking for my man he went down in the sand

You're sifting on thru it to see that if you can

Erase all my memory turn me into history

In case I see something that I'm not supposed to see

You work you slave you die in Babylon

I'm free in Zion I'm free in Zion I'm free

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